

# Turbo, Gniazdo smutku

A big city is awake again  
Streets are full of life - are of pain,  
The starving hordes are waiting for your fault  
Repulsive masses, repulsive mould!  
City!

A lousy den of sorrow  
persistent stench of trash  
the arms of destitution breed  
the genes of aggression!

City!

A big city where evil thrives  
A Great society and small individuals  
voracious individuals, terror and fear  
If you're different - you're bound to die  
A big city goes to sleep again  
desolate streets are glazing with rain,  
tomorrow the smell of sorrow,  
tomorrow the stench of trash  
Tomorrow...